



OUR LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS AS A NATION ARE IN OUR OWN KEEPING, IF THEY ARE EVER SACRIFICED IT WILL BE ON THE ALTAR OF PARTY SPIRIT, AT THE INSTANCE OF DESIGNING AMBITION AND BY OUR OWN HANDS.

VOL. I.

YPSILANTI, (MICH.) THURSDAY MAY 23, 1844

NO. 23.

### THE YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

Will be published every Thursday by  
JOHN VAN FOSSEN.  
Office over C. Stuck's Store, three doors  
west of the Post Office.  
Terms—Two Dollars a year if paid in ad-  
vance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not  
paid in advance.  
Advertising on the usual terms of weekly  
papers.

#### POETRY.

#### MEMORIES OF EARLY YEARS.

For the Ypsilanti Sentinel.  
BY MRS. LOIS E. ADAMS.  
(Dedicated to the companions of my childhood;  
Long years have passed since silence flung  
Her dreamy spell o'er forests green,  
Where through it wide and winding vale  
The Huron's silver waves are seen.  
Long years of change, and joy and grief,  
Of ceaseless toil, and care and pain;  
And art has vainly strove to bring  
Its primal beauty back again.

Where once that verdant forest hung  
Its drooping branches o'er the stream,  
Proud Art has reared her princely domes  
Like castles in a charmed dream.  
And manhood in his glorious pride,  
Amid his glittering wealth appears;  
And gentle forms in sorrow tried,  
Like grief-consoling angels glide  
To dry affliction's flowing tears.  
And more beloved by virtue bright,  
And dearer still to manhood's sight,  
Than Fashion's peerless daughters,  
Do blue-eyed children garlands twine,  
From buds in Flora's bowers that shine,  
Beside the Huron waters.

Yet twine your flowers ye laughing ones,  
And wreath them round each cherub brow,  
Nay think that hands now cold and dead,  
Have clasped them once as ye do now.  
Bend o'er the lucid stream that steals  
Around yon bank of mossy green,  
Your youthful eyes and clustering curls  
Beneath its crystal waves are seen,  
But feet as young as yours have pressed  
The same green moss that round you lies,  
And bending forms have gazed below  
On glowing cheeks and loving eyes.  
Ah, ye are children now, and they  
Like all the dead have passed away,  
Beloved and known no more,—  
Thus other hands will gather flowers,  
And braid the willow stems for bowers,  
When your short lives are o'er.

Still fancy loves so far away  
Amid her olden haunts to stray,  
And picture to my gazing eye  
The playmates loved of years gone by.  
I see them now as once they stood  
Where never pale-face trod before,  
Beneath that low, embowering wood,  
That skirts the Huron's winding shore.  
Their sires had left their eastern homes—  
The church-yards where their kindred rest,  
And sought afar the "promised land,"  
The then, "unbounded west."  
Their simple cabins 'neath the trees  
Bathed in the sunbeams' glimmering light,  
Had each its wealth of household gods,  
Its children beautiful and bright.

And there they stand, as fair a group  
As ever graced the wild-wood lone,  
And true hearts, or lovelier forms—  
In festal halls were never known.  
The eldest of the childish band  
Claps in her arms her parents' joy,  
With watchful care she guards from harm  
Their loved and petted infant boy.  
And one with manly air, and brow  
With boyish triumph flushing nose,  
So lightly springs from hawthorn copse,  
With mossy blossoms gaily crowned,  
And prince-like, asks the homage due  
Of all the fairy realm around;  
But heedless of his high command,  
One sylph-like form is dancing where  
Her brother's willow whistle rings  
Its rustic music on the air;  
And one with eyes so blue and mild,  
Trips lightly round the fairy scene,  
Then, timid as a wood-nymph wild,  
She hides behind the willows green.  
Afraid to kneel at Robin's call,  
Or dance with happy Angelina,  
Behind her waving sylvan wall,  
Her blue eyes 'mid the violets shine.

But Ellen stands a space apart,  
Her hand upraised in silence long;  
Amid yon hazel thicket low,  
She hears the mock-bird's thrilling song.  
Sweet Ellen, thy dark, lustrous eyes,  
Thy richly flowing curls of jet,  
Thy cheek with childish beauty warm,  
Thy rose-bud lips, I see them yet.  
I see them yet as then they seem'd,  
When mingled mirth and passion gleamed  
From thy dark eyes on me,  
As listening to each varying note,  
I caught them from the mock-bird's throat,  
And sung in sportive glee;  
Or through the blossom'd thicket sprang.

\* Near the old Indian Ford, Ypsilanti.

To where thy woodland minstrel sung,  
To fright him from his tree.  
Ere yet thy budding beauty bloom'd,  
Sweet Ellen, thou wert early doom'd,  
Nor wealth nor power could save—  
In all thy blushing, bridal charms  
Thy lover clasp'd thee in his arms,  
Then laid thee in the grave.

But oh, not thou alone art there  
Of all the young, the loved, the fair,  
How many flowers that bloom'd are dead—  
How still lies many a youthful head.  
The sun that beamed on manhood's dawn,  
Amid its noonday glory died!  
And hope, that led its votary on  
To joys, by Fancy's pencil drawn,  
Sleeps by its buried victim's side!

Ah me, when memory wanders back  
To gaze on each familiar scene,  
I scarce can think how many years  
Like shadows dark have passed between.  
I scarce can think death's icy seal  
Has pressed the rose-lips deadly pale,  
Whose cheerful accents seem'd to swell  
Like music on the summer gale;  
Or that those sparkling eyes are dim,  
Those white hands clasp'd o'er mould'ring clay

And those young, breathing forms of life,  
Unconscious, slumbering in decay!  
O, months and years that rudely press  
The beating pulse of life to earth,  
What wrecks of human happiness  
Amid your varied scenes have birth!  
How wildly throbs the living heart,  
To muse o'er all the ruined past,  
And see its beauty swept away,  
Like leaves before the autumn blast.  
But memory, faithful memory clings  
Round all those old familiar things,  
The joy of the mind.

She keeps the sacred relics there,  
And scenes, and forms, and features fair,  
In her sweet clasp are twined.

O, blessings on the beautiful dead—  
And on the gentle forms that roam  
Along the peaceful Huron's shore,  
And round our old deserted home!  
And ye whose homes a re still unchanged,  
Still in the vale beside the stream,  
Of friends once loved, but long estranged,  
Do e'er your wandering fancies dream?  
O, do your hearts responsive beat  
To thoughts and scenes of early years,  
Even while ye bless the life so sweet,  
Where heart with kindred heart may meet,  
The wedded life of love and tears?  
Ye ne'er perchance may clasp the hand  
That pens these simple lines for you,  
And yet each pulse that throbs in yours  
May beat with friendship true.  
I may not see the eyes that turn  
To Huron's memory-haunted shore,  
Nor hear the mourners sigh in vain  
For those who ne'er shall see it more.  
Yet may not each the influence feel  
Of some more lasting impulse given?  
The spirit's pledge of friendship seal,  
'Till all shall meet in Heaven.

Kalamazoo, May 1844.

#### FROM THE N. Y. TRIBUNE. MR. FRELINGHUYSEN'S TESTI- MONY TO THE QUALIFICATIONS OF HENRY CLAY IN 1833.

A meeting was recently held in Essex  
county, New Jersey, by the National  
Republican party, at which Mr. Fre-  
linghuysen, the Senator from that State,  
was present, and made a very eloquent  
speech in favor of Mr. Clay, which is  
thus epitomized in the Newark Ad-  
vertiser:

Mr. Frelinghuysen, in support of the  
nomination of Clay to the office of Chief  
Magistrate, said that he was happy in the  
occasion that enabled him to bear his testi-  
mony to the fitness of this eminent citi-  
zen for the station to which so many voices  
were calling him. He was the more  
gratified by this opportunity, because he  
had at one period entertained some doubts  
on the subject—but a careful investiga-  
tion of Mr. Clay's political history, and a  
personal intercourse with him for the last  
protracted session, had satisfied his own  
mind that no man better understood the  
interests of the country, nor would pursue  
them with better intentions, than Mr. Clay.  
Mr. Frelinghuysen said that he took pleas-  
ure to say for him that he believed him to  
be an upright and much injured statesman.  
He is emphatically the child of Liberty  
and our free institutions. He possessed no  
advantages in youth, but poverty and ob-  
scurity—as himself once more eloquently  
expressed it "he was the child of indig-  
ence and dependence, his only inheritance  
was rags and poverty." But he saw the  
free open way to fame and honorable dis-  
tinction, that the spirit of our happy Re-

public presented to all persons—and he  
entered the list of manly enterprise, and  
by the energy of his genius, and the force  
of his persevering efforts rose to the very  
summit of official distinction. He enjoyed  
the confidence of his fellow-citizens, in  
the Senate and House of Representa-  
tives of the United States—as a Minister  
abroad on a most difficult and eventful  
embassy—and as Secretary of State he  
has received unequivocal testimonials,  
in all public estimation, he was fitted to  
fill any civil station, in the gift of a free  
and enlighten people. But more than  
this—as Speaker of the House of Repre-  
sentatives, it has often been said of Mr.  
Clay, he wielded more influence than  
any man than ever occupied that chair.  
What was it, sir, that gave him such in-  
fluence? It could not be mere sound—  
for let it be remembered, that no political  
body of men in any country, possess more  
of talent, intelligence and independence,  
than the House of Representatives. No  
sir, said Mr. Frelinghuysen, it was the  
weight of his character, the splendor of  
his genius, and his deep acquaintance with  
the principles of our government. His  
whole life has been a political schooling  
into its doctrines. His mind is imbued  
with the very spirit of republican liberty.

Until the last struggle for the elevation  
of General Jackson, no man filled a larger  
space than Henry Clay. Every Ameri-  
can honored his uprightness. As a  
Speaker of the House—as a most able  
debater in Congress—as one of the repre-  
sentatives of his country, in the critical  
negotiations with Great Britain, we can  
all remember how he was admired and  
esteemed. Sir, said Mr. F. what has  
been his offence? One thing, Mr. Chair-  
man, he could not proclaim General Jack-  
son to be that which, in his estimation,  
he knew him not to be eminently qualified  
for the discharge of the high and difficult  
duties of President of these United States.  
He dared to disturb and deny the preten-  
sions of General Jackson, and for this he  
has been pursued and hunted, as if he  
had been a traitorous viper, and the press-  
es of the opposition have been crowded  
with the most cruel and bitter imputa-  
tions. Sir, these wrongs of Mr. Clay  
form the strong reason of your counten-  
ance. Let us raise a shield around this  
favored son of the country, to repel the  
darts of his persecutors.

Moreover, sir, said Mr. F. the public  
conduct of Clay entitles him to our confi-  
dence. Recur for a moment to a few of  
his measures, and you will find in them  
all the same characteristic marks of a  
great mind looking with enlarged and  
liberal views, at their relations and result.  
Trace his course in the question of South  
American Independence—when Ser patri-  
ots struggling for that precious boon with  
our fathers, by the blessing of Heaven,  
had gained for us—where stood Mr. Clay  
then? Sir, he well knew how gratefully  
it would cheer the hearts of our South-  
ern friends to learn that there was a pulse  
in American bosoms that beat high in  
sympathy for their cause—and threw the  
whole weight of his character, and power  
of his talents, into their interests—and  
who can soon forget the resounding plaud-  
its that echoed from the mountains and  
plains of the South, in gratitude to this  
friend of freedom? Sir, he loved liberty  
for its own sake—with the philanthropy  
of a great and generous mind, he hailed  
its aspirations, no matter where, or by  
whom, they were breathed forth.

Again—when the scheme of establish-  
ing a colony for the liberated children of  
oppressed Africa, on the shore of that be-  
nighted continent, was commended by  
the late and deep lamented Dr. Robert  
Finley to a few friends at the City of  
Washington—you know, sir, how deeply  
it was denounced, as a visionary and  
Utopian enterprise. It was scouted as a  
brain sick chimera by the great mass of  
the American community. Not so by  
Mr. Clay. His penetrating eye perceived,  
in this derided charity, bearings of a large  
and hopeful charity. He saw what mo-  
mentous connexions it would hold with  
the deeply interesting subject of slavery  
here; and what fullness of light it prom-  
ised to shed on the millions of degraded

men in Africa. Sir, there was nothing  
about the project to engage or interest  
a mere demagogue. The venerated man  
who disclosed his views to Mr. Clay was  
unknown to fame, and his cherished ob-  
ject was almost universally ridiculed, and  
yet this great statesman, by ardent cora-  
eration of his best efforts, vindicated its  
claims, and bore it in lofty triumph above  
and beyond all the obloquy and scorn  
that assailed it.

To come nearer home—consider the  
principles of Mr. Clay's political conduct,  
in the protection of Domestic industry.  
He had often heard British statesmen  
discourse most eloquently upon the beau-  
tiful theory of free trade; but when he  
looked into British statute books, he  
found a policy that restrained from all  
commerce, but that of their own goods  
in British bottoms. Our corn, wheat and  
flour, our fish and manufactures, were all  
excluded from their ports, and nothing  
was free but the products of their own in-  
dustry. He readily perceived where  
such a state of things would lead us, and  
to raise us above a dependence upon the  
workshops of Europe; to encourage A-  
merican industry and enterprise, he has  
fostered a system of measures that has  
happily developed the great resources of  
the country, and greatly enlarged the  
means of rational enjoyment. Where  
would Orange and Bloomfield, Belleville,  
Paterson, and Newark, now be in the  
scale of prosperity, but for the unshrinking  
labors of this patron of the American  
system?

Internal Improvement also claims Mr.  
Clay for a steady friend. Some have  
hoped to decry this, as a point of vulner-  
able policy, and have exhibited what they  
deemed a very startling picture, in the  
vast expenses and gigantic nature of  
these improvements. Now, Mr. Chair-  
man, in the light of what Mr. Clay re-  
gards as internal improvements, this is  
about as wise as to object against a tele-  
scope the length of its tube, or the cost of  
brass. It is not the mere length of the  
Canal, or the expense of the Railway,  
that constitutes either its recommendation  
or objection; but it is the great national  
consequences to follow these public facili-  
ties of intercourse, that commended them  
to the patriot's consideration. We have  
an overflowing treasury; how can it be  
so well applied as in bringing distant sec-  
tions of the country near, as by facilitat-  
ing the intercourse of remote settlements  
and thereby wearing away local asperities  
and sectional distinction? Mr. F.  
adverted to Mr. Clay's last great measure,  
his bill, report, and speech on the Public  
Lands. He insisted that Mr. Clay's con-  
duct; his ability developed in the report  
and discussion; the fearless and manly  
frankness with which he met a crisis al-  
most forced upon him, all tended to elench  
the confidence that he felt in his integrity  
of purpose.

You will recollect, sir, said Mr. F.  
that this was a duty altogether unsought  
by Mr. Clay. He was a member of the  
Committee of Manufactures, and insisted  
that a reference of the Public Lands to  
his committee, was not fit or according  
to parliamentary rules; the reference,  
however, has made, and Mr. Clay was  
charged with a most difficult and delicate  
service. There stood the west, with ex-  
travagant calculations; many of her citi-  
zens had persecuted themselves in the  
notion that this noble and public domain  
belonged in exclusive property to the  
States in which it is situated. What a  
fine theme was here presented for an  
artful and intriguing policy to manage:  
to flatter and soothe the warmly cher-  
ished expectations of the west, and yet keep  
in good humor the watchful old Thirteen.  
But what did Mr. Clay? With his ha-  
bitual honesty of heart, he indignantly re-  
pelled the unfounded pretension of exclu-  
sive claims by any portion of the Union,  
demonstrated by the most conclusive rea-  
soning, that the Public Lands were the  
fruit of common blood and treasure, and  
therefore were, and ought to remain, a  
common fund for the benefit of the whole.  
In conclusion, Mr. F. repeated his  
conviction, that while Mr. Clay was sub-  
ject like all men to faults, he was wor-

thy the confidence of his country: and  
to use the language of a political op-  
ponent there was nobleness about the  
man, for you always know where to find  
him. Retrace his whole life, sir. In  
many trying exigencies of the country,  
when, or where was it, that he betray-  
ed the slightest symptoms of an equivocal  
or temporizing policy? It cannot  
be found. His opinions, and feelings,  
with all his views of national prosper-  
ity, are of the nature and principles  
of our Constitution, are before his coun-  
try. Every man can read them; and it  
is ardently hoped, that by a decided  
expression of the nation's will, both Mr.  
Clay and his measures will be sus-  
tained.

WISCONSIN.—This Territory, whose  
people agitate the question of admission  
into the family of Uncle Sam, came into  
the possession of the United States in 1816  
and remained under a kind of Military  
sway till 1823, when the counties of Mack-  
inac, Brown and Crawford, were set off  
as a judicial District, and a Court held at  
Green Bay in that year. In 1830, the  
county of Brown and including the U. S.  
troops, contained a population of 1575,  
and the whole Territory about 3000  
whites. On the first of the present month  
the population is estimated at over 90,  
000, and that in two years from this, or  
about the time the territory will become  
a State, it will contain at least 130,000  
souls. There are 24 counties in the  
Territory covering an area of 60,000  
square miles.—Buffalo Gaz.

#### A STRIKING LIKENESS.

Mr. Hardin, of Illinois, during a re-  
cent debate in Congress, drew an admir-  
able portrait of Mr. Van Buren, which is  
thus noticed by Oliver Oakeshott, of the  
Club.

"Mr. Hardin proceeded to give, in his  
own peculiar, graphic, quaint style, a de-  
lineation of Mr. Van Buren, from a pret-  
ty early day down to the present time,  
reading frequently short extracts from  
his speeches, letters and votes, and de-  
scribing his gyrations, his advances and  
retreats, his marches and counter-marches,  
his advancements backwards, and his  
retreats forward, in a most humorous  
and laughable manner, giving, as he went  
along, some severe thrusts at the party  
for following this little lively animal that  
twisted and twined, and turned, so as to  
puzzle the wisest to tell, by the past, what  
course he would pursue in future. He  
took up the subject of the Banks, paper  
money and hard money, and showed that  
Mr. Van Buren had been on every side  
of these questions, quoting from him, or  
to use his own expressions, which created  
a burst of laughter, 'on these subjects,  
Mr. Van Buren has been by and large,  
on all sides generally.' He then touch-  
ed the tariff, and endeavored to follow the  
track of the fox on this, his doublings and  
windings, until he burrowed him in the  
Richmond letter, in which he declares  
himself opposed to the principles and de-  
tails of the present tariff, though he voted  
for that of 1828, and afterwards, in a  
speech delivered in Albany, justified his  
vote and 'the bills of abomination' itself.  
Mr. H. kept the Whigs in continued  
laughter nearly the whole hour allotted  
him, and occasionally the Locos were  
compelled to join in, and laugh at the odd  
pictures presented of Mr. V. B. and them-  
selves, the speaker having as much good  
humor as ready wit."

#### SCRAPS FROM PRENTICE.

A PICTURE OF THE AILMENTS OF Lo-  
cofocism.—The Locofoco party is in a  
very bad way, indeed. It is cadaverous,  
hatchet faced, sunken in the eyes, trem-  
ulous in the arms, and nervous in the legs.  
It has what the doctors call a complica-  
tion of diseases. Its case is as bad as  
that of a man we once saw, who had the  
galloping consumption, the fever and ague,  
and the dropsy all over his body—who  
was troubled with awful pains in the head  
and was struck with blindness in the eyes  
and deafness in the ears—who had an ab-  
cess in his throat, the dyspepsia in his  
stomach, the rheumatism in both arms,  
and the gout in each leg, who had a swell-  
ing on his side, a plaster on his bowels,  
and a blister on the right knee—who was  
afflicted with palpitation of the heart, had  
the liver complaint, an enlargement of the  
spleen, and was expecting a third attack  
of the apoplexy.

#### From the Boston Courier. SPEECH OF MR. WEBSTER.

Gentlemen, Friends and Fellow Citizens:  
I think there can be no doubt that the  
result of the Baltimore Convention were  
such as, in both their great results, both  
do, and ought to gratify the Whigs of  
all the country. (Applause.)

In regard to the nomination for the first  
office, the convention had nothing—or at  
least but little—else to do, that to give  
utterance to the general, I may say uni-  
versal feeling which had taken posses-  
sion of the public mind. It was not ne-  
cessary for any one there, neither is it  
necessary for me here, to enlarge in the  
discussion of the propriety of that nomi-  
nation.

I do not come among you to night to  
extol the character of the gentleman who  
has been selected as the Whig candidate  
for President. I have already said that  
the nomination meets my entire and  
hearty approbation.

I concur with equally sincere gratifi-  
cation, gentlemen, with the nomination  
for Vice President. (Applause.) I hard-  
ly dare venture to speak of the gentle-  
man named for this office, because, be-  
sides my great respect for him as a pub-  
lic man, besides my high regard for his  
public virtues, I cherish a particular, I  
may say an affectionate, esteem for the  
loveliness of his private character, for  
all those virtues which adorn his private  
life.

Gentlemen, our candidates are now  
before us. They are before us under  
auspices of perfect union, so far as I  
know, and the only question which re-  
mains for us to consider is, whether by  
an effort of ours—a reasonable and judi-  
cious effort—we can elect them.

we have in this our own union, is that  
which is nearly as advantageous as it,  
though not so good for our adversaries—  
the notorious disunion of their ranks.—  
It is quite certain that the party opposed  
to us is broken into fragments, and un-  
decided which way to look. But we  
may not rely on this discord of theirs.—  
They have among them strong principles  
of cohesion, and do not know what glue  
and putty and solder may do to bring  
the party together again. [Laughter.]

I am happy to say that during my po-  
litical life, I have known no time when  
the great principles of the Whig party,  
which I consider the cardinal principles  
of good government, were so generally  
received by Whigs in all parts of the  
country as they now are. (Applause.)  
I will allude to but one of these, a just  
and reasonable protection of American in-  
dustry in raising a revenue; in other  
words, a tariff. (Great cheering.)

Now, gentlemen, I feel much respect  
for the whigs of the south, for the nation-  
ality of sentiment they have manifested  
on this point. I esteem them for bursting  
the shackles of local prejudices, for their  
broad and general feeling for the inter-  
ests of the whole country, which does  
them infinite honor such men as Berrien,  
(cheers) Mangum, (cheers) Archer,  
(cheers) and others, who, living in a very  
different state of society from ours, born  
and bred in an atmosphere, shall I say,  
perfumed with the odor of different doc-  
trines from those which we cherish, have  
acknowledged, and agreed to, the great  
doctrine of protection to the labor of the  
country is a political axiom of the high-  
est importance.

But I will not dilate upon this topic, be-  
cause a just appreciation of this doctrine  
is now rapidly spreading over all the  
land, from East to West, from North to  
South; because I feel that all attempts  
to agitate the subject, with a view to  
reverse the general sentiment upon it, will  
utterly fail; and because I entertain the  
confident hope, may I not say belief, that  
the present Congress when it shall see fit  
to rise, will leave the subject undisturbed.

Gentlemen, the men we have selected  
as our candidates are before the people.  
Their names we have submitted to the  
public for support or rejection. And  
what is it that it becomes us to do as dis-  
interested and patriotic members of this  
great confederacy? Clearly to support  
the men we have chosen as fit to carry  
out our principles, with our hearts and  
our hands, to slacken not our efforts till  
we see the day, which we confidently